The Bourbon News.

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PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.

A THUNDER-STORM.

The pulse of day since noon has beat
At fever heat,
The wooing winds are dead, and still,
Man has no will
To move, except compelled by toil;
For burning soil
Blisters the feet that on it tread,
While overhead
The sun pours down its fiery tide;
The cattle hide
In thickets deep, with rolling eyes;
The varied cries
Of birds that fly upon the wing,
And creeping thing,
Are hushed, as if with boding fear;
For on the ear
The roll of heaven's drums, that beat
Whenever meet
The storm clouds, breaks with solemn tones.
Through valley moans
The gale that rushes from above;
The tree-tops move,
The wind, long dead, has leaped to life,
To join the strife
Of elements; the hissing rain
Sweeps o'er the plain
And breaks upon the mountain's brow.
Before it bow
The giant trees, as if but reeds
Or earthborn weeds.
But suddenly as tempest came,
With lightning flame,
And heaven's war drum rolling roar;
Again 'tis o'er.
The sun comes out with blinding glare;
And yet the air
Has something lost of burning heat,
And bird songs greet
The world, all freshly washed, and sweet.
—John E. Hurlbut, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

AME DE BOUE

By F. H. LANCASTER.

THERE were wet gleams on the fallen needles and glowing gleams on the pine tops. For the sun had come up over the dew-wet forest and it seemed as if the whole world was aglow with glitter, and teeming with the soft, sweet smell of the woods. But the girl heeded all this not at all. She was a pretty girl, with large eyes and red lips—a very pretty girl. Her teeth were strong and white, her hands, though brown, were small and shapely. Her figure, slim. At 15 an Arcadian maiden has not begun to grow stout. And she was an Arcadian? Voila! Why should she not be pretty? More than pretty now that her dark eyes flashed and her small hand clenched. Her strong teeth ground against each other, then the full lips gave relief to her swelling heart. She spoke slowly, her voice tense with scorn:

"Ame de boue."

A soull of mud? A harsh saying, when applied to one's sweetheart. True; but the girl was angry and an angry woman weighs her words but carelessly at best. If she be an Arcadian—eh bein!

Presently the red lips spoke again:

"La maitress d'ecole."

It was indeed the school mistress and the tall boy walked close at her side.

They strolled along the crest of the hill; the girl stood in the valley and watched. Their heads came close together. People do not need to put their heads close together to talk about the multiplication table. The girl understood. The heads drew apart, it was as she expected. The wild flower had changed hands and

HE WAS A BORN LOVER.

now rested its dainty head upon the teacher's breast.

Comment! Those two upon the hill were not talking about the multiplication table? Mais oui, why should they? The multiplication table is a matter for hard benches and stiff desks. Why should they so much as think of it out here in the free, glad woods with the dew dipped flowers at their feet and mocking birds gone quite mad for joy, singing above their heads. And, viola! with the wine of youth warm in their blood.

They were of the same age, the young teacher and the tall pupil. Of the same age and good to look upon—comely of figure and fair of face. Why should they not be glad together? Why? Ah, it was a big question. It is a bad thing for a man to marry outside his own people—it is worse for a woman. Ah, a very big question! But the boy had asked himself no question, was therefore troubled with no answer. He liked to walk with the pretty teacher and to talk with her. So he laid skillful traps for talking and walking. He was a born lover; most Arcadian youths are. What then?

The teacher was young and liked to be talked to and walked with, especially if the voice that talked was rich and full, and he who walked swung at her side with a stride masculine and strong.

Eh bein! It is easy to be glad when one is young and not on the lookout for cloud specks that may grow to storms. When one grows older, one keeps a spyglass and sweeps the heavens by day and by night. One must have reason. Reason? Mais oui. But it is not so in youth. Therefore, the man and the woman strolled on together drinking in the sunshine and the singing, and talking. What matters the subject of their talk? They spoke to one another. And the other man?

Bah, it is not at such times as these that the teacher thought of the other man. While the glamour of this rich, manly beauty was upon her; while these full tones trembling into tenderness filled her ears and while these wonderful eyes slipped their shy caresses into hers; why should she think of a thin, energetic face devoid of beauty, of crisp, clear tones, of eyes that met hers calmly, coolly. Once she had thought of it and against the image had sprung that uncanny, French saying:

"Argent comptant porte medecine."

She had hated herself for the saying—for the thought. How can one be sordid of soul when one walks among the pines and has wet flowers proffered by slim, strong fingers. And if the fingers tremble a little in their eagerness? Voila l'argent! What is ready money compared to ready love?—if one be young.

And Nizile? The girl who stood watching? Did she weep when the strollers disappeared leaving her alone—utterly alone in the heart of the sweet-scented forest. Her teeth bit fiercely upon her quivering lip. Again and again she said it:

"Ame de boue, ame de boue."

Her eyes glittered. She was angry? Mais oui. Had he not spent every Sunday with her since she began to wear his ring, two years ago. And many Sundays before that? Had they not wandered through hours of sunshiny weather up and down this little valley, or sat hand in hand upon the fallen tree trunk? Speaking at long intervals—too happy to talk. Sunday after Sunday for two long years? And now it was Sunday and she was alone!

Nizile had risen early as her habit was, to do the cooking for the day and make herself fine and fair before he came, then she had slipped away to the trysting place to await his coming. He had come—gathering flowers for the teacher.

"Ame de boue! a soul of mud!" Those beads upon her lashes were tears of rage then, not loneliness?

Eh bien, women weep for many things. The great God made them so lest their hearts break in their breasts and they die.

Nizile wept. Face down among the ferns and flowers. Careless of her pretty dress and the bright ribbon at her throat. Forgetful of the bangs she had curled against his coming. She lay and wept. Why? Who shall say?

A swinging stride came down the hillside; a rich voice called her name caressingly. Nizile sprang to her feet. One hand smoothed her rumpled dress; the other flung out in scorn:

"Va!"

But he did not go. Why should he? Had he not seen the look in the other man's eyes. The look of a strong man proof against defeat?

"Cherie," he said, tenderly, "Ma petit."

He took her in his arms. He hushed her bitter reproach with kisses, slow, sweet kisses, that softened the girl's heart and made her forget her anger. Her head sank against his breast and his dark beauty mingled with hers as cheek pressed against cheek. By and by they sat upon the log, hand clasped in hand, and said nothing.

A woman walking upon the crest of the hill looked down into the valley and saw them sitting there. She started and stumbled. A strong hand caught her arm. A white hand large and well made. The right hand of a man who has sat much behind a desk and made many figures. The well-kept hand of a man who is neat because he was born so—because his father was so before him, and his grandfathers for many generations. The woman glanced at the steadying hand and smiled with sudden kindliness into the face above her. A plain face, indicative of great energy. And as she smiled she talked to herself. She did not say: "Argent comptant porte medecine," nor yet "Ame de boue." She spoke English, saying:

"He has broken finger nails."

C'est vrai. But, quel voulez-vous? A broken nail is better than a muddied soul.—National Magazine.

Keen-Sighted Savages.

The universally acknowledged keenness of sight possessed by savages was made the subject of scientific investigation during the Cambridge anthropological expedition to Torres Straits. It was found that the natives could distinguish objects and their characteristics at a much greater distance than the members of the expedition could, and a careful test showed that this is due not so much to stronger vision as to knowledge of the surroundings. When a European becomes familiar with these he can see as far as they can. Thus a knowledge of what to look for is a wonderful help to the eye. The Indian from our west can tell a male from a female deer so far off that the antlers cannot be seen, but that is attributed to the Indian's knowledge of the peculiar gait of the male.—Science.

Lions Vs. Trolley Cars.

President Roosevelt is going to hunt lions in Colorado the latter part of this month. It is said to be a fine sport, and, although exciting, cannot be so very dangerous, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, considering that there are no trolley lines in the country where the Colorado lions abound

Even Kings Differ.

The kaiser may not think an American girl good enough for his son, the crown prince, but, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, King Alfonso of Spain, who needs the money in his business is said to be inclined to listen to the right kind of proposal.

Lesson in American History in Puzzle.

DE SOTO'S DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI. FIND MOSCOSO, DE SOTO'S SUCCESSOR.

Hernando DeSoto, the discoverer of the Mississipppi river, followed the savage De Narvarez in the attempt to conquer Florida. He landed in Tampa bay on May 30, 1539, and began his march westward. He treated the Indians with great cruelty and soon earned their hatred and had to fight every mile in his way. He first saw the great waterway from the bluffs in what is now Tunica county, Miss., in May, 1541. Continuing his search for gold he marched westward almost to the foothills of the Rocky mountains, and then returned to the Mississippi, where he died in May, 1542, and was buried in the waters of the river he had discovered. Moscoso succeeded DeSoto in command of the expedition and led the few survivors back to Cuba.

FATE OF CHARRED LETTERS.

If Legible They Are Returned to Their Addresses—Redress for Lost Treasures.

The burning of the car does not necessarily mean the loss of everything in it. Every railway mail car is supplied with fie extinguishing apparatus, axes, etc., in the use of which the clerks are instructed, so that the best practicable headway is made against a fire, and time is often gained at least for throwing out that mail which is in such shape as to be handled in bulk. Of what is injured by the fire, part is of course ruined past all hope of identification, if it does not actually go up in smoke, says the New York Evening Post. Letters which are so charred as to be ready to drop apart, but are still legible, are put, envelopes and all, into fresh wrappers, sealed and forwarded to their addresses, so marked as to indicate what has happened to them. The fragments of those which are too nearly destroyed to be capable of treating that way are gathered up and sent either to the dead letter office in Washington or to the nearest inspector of the depredations division. The inspectors are scattered all over the country, having certain districts of territory under their jurisdiction, and it is their business to know their districts very thoroughly. Some remarkable rescues of letters so badly burned as to baffle all ordinary ingenuity have been made by these men. Burned remnants are preferably sent to them, other things being equal, because sending to the dead letter office involves the loss of all the time of a journey to Washington and back, to say nothing of the delay in the office there, where the work is always more or less congested. But where a wrecked car contains mail for a very wide section of the country, and the contents are so confused that there are no probabilities to proceed on as a basis, nothing is left but to send the burned pieces there and let them take their chances.

When it is finally settled in the mind of the writer of a letter that it has been desroyed, it depends on a good many circumstances whether he can get any redress. If the destruction of the car was due to culpable negligence on the part of the railway company, the latter is liable. Of old, the contracts between the government and a company for mail carriage used to stipulate that the company should be responsible for losses under certain conditions. Later this was made a part of the general law, so as to do away with the necessity of a clause in the contracts. The difficulty in most cases lies in producing legal proof of the loss itself, the question of culpability being decided by the regular inquiry into the cause of the disaster. Even in these days of universal postal conveniences not a few men of large affairs are still willing to take risks with the mails which they would not think for a moment of taking with anything else. They will enclose a considerable sum of money, in the form of government notes or bank notes, loose into a letter, without so much as telling a friend of it, drop the letter in a post-box and trust the rest to luck. Of course nothing but luck can ever restore that money to them if it is lost in transit. Registered mail is reasonably safe, if not of too high a value, for the government undertakes to insure the patrons of its registry service against at least a part of their losses, and the registry office receipt is prima facie evidence that something of value was in the package which has not reached its destination; the rest of the case consists in bringing satisfactory evidence of what that thing of value was. Safest of all the means of protection provided is the money order; for its documentary evidence is spread over four surfaces—the order itself, the letter of advice to the paying post office, the receipt and entry on the books of the issuing post office—and any three of the four may be destroyed and the government has still something from which to recognize its liability.

CHARACTER IN BANK CHECKS.

The Style of the Slips Are in Many Cases Plain or Ornamental Like the Signer.

Man shows a deal of his individuality in his bank checks. A "flashy" man will have a "flashy" check, and a man who wears "loud" clothes and big rings will have a check engraved on tinted paper, with pictures and his name covering the ends of it, with ornamental characters.

A plain, quiet, business man has a plain, quiet check. It does not follow because a man has his check made to order, instead of taking the ready-made kind that the banks furnish him, that he has a big bank account, any more than a cheap suit of clothes indicates that a man cannot afford to buy better. On the contrary, a man with a bank account who uses quiet checks usually has a bigger balance than the man who sends out specimens of engraving with his signature on them, says the New York Herald.

The Astors use checks with no engraving, being plainly printed. When an Astor draws a personal check the name is printed near the left edge, in the plainest manner. The numbers are not even printed on them, but when filled in at all are filled in with ink. The Astors use a good quality of pink colored paper.

The Vanderbilt checks are more elaborate than those of the Astors, though not much more. They are not so elaborate now as they used to be.

One of the first things that some men do when they go into business is to have their checks made to order. They think that it gives them a certain distinction, and it shows that they are of importance.

If there can be said to be a fashion in checks, small checks are the most fashionable checks. A big check is bad form. It is also bad form to carry a pocket checkbook. It has an air of display about it, and shows the character of a man, just as the wearing of many diamonds does. The proper thing to do is to have a big book, three checks wide, and to tear out two or three to carry around loose in the pocket.

Tellers and cashiers prefer the plain printed to the elaborately engraved checks. They are easier to read, easier to keep tally of, and rather hard to alter. An alteration or change shows easier on a plain check than on an elaborate one.

It is with banks as with men. A good deal about a bank can be told from the kind of checks it furnishes. Country banks furnish more elaborate checks than city banks. Big banks have plainer checks and better paper than smaller banks.

The Chemical bank has plain checks on a fine quality of paper. Smaller banks have engraved checks on cheaper paper.

Helping Papa Along.

"Yes, I was engaged 14 times during the summer."

"The usual brittle affairs, I suppose?"

"Well, not exactly. Papa's going to hold each of them to his plighted word, one after the other, and I guess he'll make a pretty good thing out of it. He said last summer that it paid to be a damaged affection lawyer when a man had such a clever daughter to drum up business."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Highest and Lowest Waters.

Askal Chin, in Thibet, is the lake which lies at a greater height than any other in the world. Its level is 16,600 feet. The lowest is the Dead sea, 1,200 feet below sea level.—Geographical Journal.

The Burlington's New Fast Denver Train.

Its "Nebraska-Colorado Express," now leaves St. Louis 2:15 p. m., arrives at Denver 3:15 p. m. next day—three hours quicker.

Travelers arriving at St. Louis in the morning have a half day for business or visiting in the World's Fair City; at 3:15 p. m. next day they are in Denver with the afternoon in the city, before leaving for the Coast via Scenic Colorado. No other through train to Denver offers such a remarkably convenient schedule.

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